THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!—ISAIAH LII, 7.

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GREAT AND GENERAL APOSTASY OF THE CHURCHES.

BY ELDER JOSEPH A. A. BUNOT.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 405.]

FROM the borders of China streams of barbarians, leaving their country desolated by famine, take their line of march towards Europe. Passing through Asia they gather the people together, adding multitude to multitude, as a snowball rolling down a mountain, gathering snow, gets larger and larger as it rolls, until nothing can resist or retard it. Their innumerable army advances, passes the Alps, and Rome falls a prey to it. "And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle; and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men" (Rev. ix, 7). Historians tell us that these barbarians were so horrid that they looked more like two-legged beasts than human beings, so much so that their sight inspired even the most courageous with a feeling of dread and horror. Their king would say "that he was God's scourge on earth, and was sent to destroy the wicked and not the good." Invasion after invasion overwhelmed the doomed city. Even Carthage, the ancient rival of Rome, had a desire to have its revenge. Genseric, their leader, at the head of a powerful naval force, sailing up the Tiber, took and sacked Rome during fourteen days. Conscious of doing the work of God, he said "that God was leading his vessels towards the people he wanted to chastise." And it was commanded them that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any tree, but only those men which have not the seal of God in their foreheads" (Rev. ix, 4).

In the midst of the wreck of the western empire, Romulus Augustus, the last of the Cæsars, is forced to abdicate, and Odoacre proclaims himself king of Italy, and the empire disappears without a struggle.

Mosheim, in his Ecclesiastical History, says: "Constantine the Great, by transferring the imperial residence to Byzantium, and there founding the new city of Constantinople, undesignedly raised up against the rising power of the Roman pontiffs a formidable competitor in the new metropolis; for as the emperor wished his Constantinople to be a new Rome, and had endowed it with all the privileges, honor and elegance of the old Rome, the bishop of so great a city, which was the imperial residence, also wished to be thought every way equal to the bishop of Rome in rank, and have the precedence of all other bishops. Nor did the emperors disapprove of this ambition, because they considered their own dignity involved in that of the bishop of their metropolis." Hence we can see two heads of the church, one at Constantinople, the other at Rome; in appearance like lambs, but in reality at war and contending for power and authority, until it resulted in the separation of the Greek and Latin (Roman) churches. "And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth; and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon. And he exerciseth all the power of the first beast before him, and causeth the earth and them which dwell therein to worship the first beast, whose deadly wound was healed" (Rev. xiii, 11, 12). The wound that the beast at Rome had received during the barbarians' invasion was hardly healed when the abominable Phocas, emperor at Constantinople, A.D. 602, decreed that Rome should have the precedence over the bishops at Constantinople, and established the worship of images. Soon afterwards Irene, empress by murder, called the Nicene council, which, by her influence, re-established the worship of Saints, images, statues and the cross. The council of Rome, A.D. 769, under Pope Stephen III., established the worship of images, and cursed the council of Hiera, or of Constantinople, which had abolished it, A.D. 754. During this long and warm contest between the two horns, they excommunicated each other, and Photius, A.D. 866, in a synod at Constantinople, deposed the Pope, Nicholas I.

At last Rome, by flattery and blood, gained the ascendency over the Greek church. "And I saw one of his heads as it were wounded to death; and his deadly wound was healed: and all the world wondered after the beast" (Rev. xiii, 3; also verses 4 to 9.)

Now the popes, with temporal power given them by kings Pepin and Charlemagne of France, and spiritual power given them by Phocas and Irene, emperor and empress of Constantinople, and strengthened by the councils of Rome and Nice, set no limits to their aspirations to temporal and spiritual aggrandisement. Woe unto those who dared to think for themselves, and differ from her doctrine and polity. As the world trembled at the decrees of the Cæsars, and the destiny of the nations was decided and depended on the opening or shutting of the temple of Janus, so also all the nations have trembled at the *Foudres* of the Vatican, and the salvation or damnation of the human family has depended on the opening and shutting of the indulgence door of Saint Peter's church at Rome. Cunningly devised instruments of torture, fagots, desolation and death followed in their wake. Mountains of human bodies, rivers of human blood, ruined cities and desolated countries are left to posterity as monuments and memento's of their abominations and blasphemy, and the blood of the martyrs is crying for

vengeance, and darkness is her portion. "And the fifth angel poured out his vial upon the seat of the beast; and his kingdom was full of darkness; and they gnawed their tongues for pain, and blasphemed the God of heaven because of their pains and their sores, and repented not of their deeds" (Rev. xvi, 10, 11). An offended God has sent his armies, the barbarians, to punish her, and he is ready to destroy her. "In the cup which she hath filled, fill to her double."

V	5	
I	1	
C	100	
A	0	
R	0	
I	1	
V	5	
S	0	666
F	0	
I	1	
L	50	
I	1	
I	1	
D	500	
E	0	
I	1	

"Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred threescore and six" (Rev. xiii, 18).

There is on the door of the Vatican, or palace of the popes, a name written VICARIVS FILII DEI, Vicar of the Son of God, which is the name that the popes take, and are called by, and the number of the name of the head of the Roman Catholic Church is 666, as can be seen.

In the eleventh century the Chrirtians in general had very little knowledge of divine Scriptures, and the clergy were not much better. It was taught and believed that the church was to stand a thousand years, and that the militant church was to be united to the spiritual church under the grand head, the pope, the vicar of the Son of God, and then the millennium would be ushered in. The Roman church, as they thought, had surmounted all obstacles, and made and unmade kings and nations at their pleasure. This doctrine being preached throughout the nations, kings, nobles and all those who had anything to give, gave to the church and convents their gold, silver and precious things, their chattels and landed estates, so as to be ready to enter the millennium with clean hands. This spirit was so prevalent that people would not even cultivate their lands, which was the cause of a great famine. Peter the Hermit went through Europe preaching this doctrine and the crusade for the deliverance of Jerusalem from the hands of the Mohammedans. Pope Urban II., at Rhiventia, ordered the first crusade in order to take Jerusalem and establish there the church, in fulfillment of Isaiah ii, 3: "For out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." They failed in this first as in the subsequent attempts, but gained riches, landed estates and power.

"And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty. Behold, I come as a thief" (Rev. xvi, 13, 14). The "unclean spirits coming out of the mouth of the dragon," are the many Protestant churches that fill the earth. The "unclean spirit coming out of the mouth of the beast," is the Church of England. The "un-

clean spirit coming out of the mouth of the false prophet," is the Mohammedan church, as the Greek church is one of the two horns of the "beast that had two horns like a lamb." They accept man's authority, preach men's doctrines, and have men's names. They have been persecuted and persecutors in turn, and they have been built on blood and are rejected of God. They partake of the weakness of men, and have within them the seeds of corruption and disunion. They agree to disagree, until every man sets up his own church, and are "tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine." The Church of Christ is of a different character: "And He (Christ) gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

The so-called Christian churches have built their hope on men, on flesh and blood, and their reward is death. "The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner." The Latter-day Saints' Church is built on that stone, "and he that hopeth in Him shall live forever."

Having shown plainly that the Roman Catholic Church has no authority, where will the other churches, coming out of her, claim their authority from? Being not of God, they will all share the same fate. "And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and cage of every unclean and hateful bird. For all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies" (Rev. xviii, 2, 3).

ANOTHER ELDER MOBBED IN THE SOUTH.

Elder John T. Alexander, a man twenty-two years of age, who recently went to the Southern States on a mission, and was appointed to labor in Georgia, is another victim of the bigotry and intolerance of the people of that State, who already have to answer for the death of one young Elder martyred without any other provocation than preaching the Gospel. Elder Alexander fortunately escaped death at the hands of his assailants, but was so severely injured by them that he was forced to return to his home, where he arrived on the 11th ult., accompanied by Elder Samuel J. Parrish. The following is the account of the assault, as given by the *Deseret News*:

"The affair occurred on the eastern border of Gordon County, between Plainsville and Adairsville, and a mile from the house of a brother named Reed. Brother Alexander was waiting for the arrival of his traveling companion, Elder Wilson, and on the 31st of May, was walking along the main road, when three men, armed and masked, stepped out of the woods by the roadside. They asked him if he was one of these 'Mormon' preachers. He replied that he was. They ordered him to go into the wood. He supposed they intended to whip him with hickory withes. After going into the forest about [illegible] yards, he refused and declined to go any further. At this juncture one of the brutal fellows kicked him, causing him to fall forward upon his hands. While he was down and

helpless, another of the cowardly ruffians kicked him heavily in the lower part of the left side, causing a painful and severe internal injury. He lay breathless and helpless for several moments, and as soon as he recovered so as to be able to move, he regained his feet and aimed a blow with his fist at the fellow who kicked him, but missed him. They then ordered him to proceed about one hundred and fifty yards further into the forest. After going that distance he stopped and declined to go any further, the brave fellow saying, 'If I am going to die, I would just as soon die here as anywhere.'

"They asked him if he had anything to say before his death. He replied by asking their reason for wishing to murder him. Using a blasphemous expression, they said, 'If we don't kill you you'll come back again.' If you have anything to say, say it quickly.'

"He replied, 'If I must die, I will offer a few words of prayer,' which he then did, while the weapons of the men were leveled upon him.

"As soon as he concluded his prayer, Brother Alexander closed his eyes and folded his arms, feeling that his last moment had arrived, and perfectly resigned to what appeared to be his inevitable fate. At the same time that he assumed this attitude, the three fired simultaneously, and he instantly fell and became insensible. When he recovered consciousness, he got upon his hands and knees and looked about, but his assailants had departed, no one being near. He made his way to the road, and finally reached the house of Brother Lafayette Reed, but hardly knew how he got there. When he reached it he fell down exhausted.

"One bullet passed through the crown of his hat, which being low-crowned, his escape from death was apparently by a hair's-breadth. Another ball, apparently aimed at his heart, passed close to that organ, going through his clothing and out towards the back, on the left side.

"His companion, Elder Wilson, reached him the same night, and proceeded next morning to Haywood Branch, to inform Elder Parrish of what had occurred. The injured man was conveyed to Haywood in a carriage, by a local brother named Barber and Elder Parrish. As he gradually became weaker after two days' stay there, he was taken to Chattanooga, by Elder Parrish, where he stopped until advices were received from Elder Morgan to leave for home. He stood the trip very fairly, and to-day feels somewhat improved, being able to sit up. He resides in the 15th Ward."

ARIZONA ITEMS.—David P. Kimball, writing to the *Deseret News* from St. David, Cochise Co., Arizona, May 18th, says: "Our plans are about ready to fence the north field of 2,350 acres of choice land. Our canals, two in number, when completed, will cover 7,000 acres of land which is very nearly all filed on, and held for the purpose of dividing into small farms of 40 acres each. Lands here are all government and school, no railroad being allowed but right of way. This gives ample opportunity for many who wish to join us and be sure of getting land at a low rate, for unless many come, some who have filed for want of cash to prove up and pay the government, will lose their filing. Several of the brethren who live above on a Mexican claim have good farms under cultivation, and will, without much trouble, obtain titles from the great owners. We have had several rains this spring and vegetation is looking well, and when the capacity of our canals is increased, fifty families might be comfortably located with prospects of a home."

"Those who think of emigrating from Utah here, should be individuals who have some knowledge of a new country, and the difficulties attending the settlement of the same, otherwise discouragement follows. The country and people here are not far advanced enough to give employment to those who would live easy on little labor and no capital, but may, in a few years,

like the people of older settlements, give employment to single handed people who would join us.

"Wood for fuel and fencing posts is plentiful, and we know nothing of canyon labor here, finding all the wood we need on the river flats and bench lands, and having no heavy winters makes that part very easy.

"Any and everything produced finds a ready sale for cash: potatoes being worth the year round from 2½ to 3 cents per pound, barley 2½ to 3 cents per pound, corn 2½ to 2¾ cents per pound, alfalfa hay, loose, from $30 to $35 per ton, wild hay from $15 to $20 per ton, and, after the rains, can be had in abundance on the bench or Mesa lands. Beef and butter demand good prices. "Cattle upon a thousand hills" can range and increase, and all who wish to prolong their lives in a mild climate, and have means to start, can live long and be happy. Grumblers we have enough of without any more joining us."

UTAH NEWS.

(Summarized from Territorial Papers.)

A small steamer is being built at Lake Side to sail on Salt Lake.

H. S. Eldredge has been elected to the superintendency of Z.C.M.I. S. W. Sears is his assistant.

Some of the young grain in Bear Lake Valley has been cut down to the ground by recent frosts.

A child of Andrew S. Nielsen's, of Chester, Sanpete Co., was accidentally drowned in a spring on the 6th ult.

The company of emigrating Saints who left here May 16th, arrived safely in Utah on the morning of June 3rd.

Calvin Bingham, of St. David, Arizona, was accidentally killed on the 27th of May, by a loaded wagon upsetting on him.

President Geo. Q. Cannon has chosen Elder John Morgan as his second assistant in the superintendency of the Deseret Sunday School Union.

The smallpox has again broken out in Montpelier, Bear Lake Valley, this time in the family of Morris Holmes. A child of the family has died of it.

The "dry bench" part of Salt Lake City is hereafter to be supplied with water for domestic purposes from the springs in Dry Kanyon, brought down in pipes.

A boy named Hyrum Stirling, son of Wm. Stirling, was accidentally killed at Leeds, on the 2nd ult., by a team which he was driving. He was thirteen years old.

A six year old son of J. S. Sharp, of Preston, Cache Co., was thrown from and kicked by a horse on the 1st ult., receiving injuries from which he died two days afterwards.

The owners of the Mammoth Mine, in Tintic, have failed. Several Salt Lake City firms are heavy creditors, among whom are Elias Morris, to whom the company was indebted to the amount of $27,000.

Utah mines produced, in the year 1883, in gold $19,000, in silver $6,800,000.

The people of Taylorsville are in trouble for want of water to irrigate with, caused by the river washing around the end of a dam lately constructed across the Jordan and the breaking of the North Jordan Canal.

A reunion of the descendants of the late Apostles Parley P. and Orson Pratt was held at Liberty Hall, Salt Lake City, on the 11th ult., at which there were present about 200 direct and indirect members of the families.

Jonathan D. Wood, of Farmington, was arrested on the 12th ult., charged with the practice of polygamy, and released till the 14th, when he is to appear before a U.S. Commissioner for examination, on giving bonds for $3,500.

Wilford W. Boyack, 11 years old, the son of a widow at Spanish Fork, was thrown from a horse on the 7th ult., and, being caught round the arm by a rope attached to the animal, was dragged about a mile and killed and mangled.

The Bear Lake *Democrat* says: "At no time in the history of Bear Lake Valley, from its earliest settlement until the present, has there been such a desire for improvement in building, etc., among the citizens, as exists at the present time."

Dr. Carrington, the bigamist, has been discharged by Commissioner Gilchrist, before whom his case came up for a hearing. The proof that he was guilty as charged was clear, and the only reason that can be assigned for his discharge is that he is not a "Mormon."

Elder August Wilcken, lately returned from a mission to Mexico, by advice from President Taylor, is about to organize classes in Salt Lake City to teach the Spanish language, in which he is quite proficient. It is to be hoped that a goodly number of the young men will avail themselves of the chance of acquiring a knowledge of that tongue. We feel sure that a great work will be done at no very distant date in carrying the Gospel to Spanish-speaking peoples.

A company has been organized in Salt Lake City to be known as Zion's Benefit Building Society, with a capital stock of $1,000,000 in $10,000 shares of $100 each. The object of the organization is to furnish mutual aid to the members, to provide homes for themselves, and a safe investment for money by a system of deposits and loans. The citizens of Utah are pre-eminently fortunate in being the owners generally of the houses and land they occupy. It is estimated that about 95 per cent. of them are thus situated, but there is still room for improvement, and there is danger, too, of a retrograde tendency, unless steps be taken to prevent it. It is hoped that the society just organized will accomplish this desirable end. The following are the officers elected by the members of the society: For President, T. G. Webber; Vice-President, James Watson; Secretary, A. Parsons; Asst. Secretary, W. J. Bateman; Treasurer, L. S. Hills; Asst. Treasurer, James T. Little. Directors, James Sharp, Francis Cope, Henry Dinwoody, John Nicholson, William Langton, W. H. Rowe, George Romney, Abram H. Cannon, A. W. Carlson, George G. Bywater and David James. Auditors, John Schofield, John C. Cutler and John H. Rumel, jun.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

MONDAY, JULY 2, 1883.

A MEMORABLE DAY.

THIRTY-NINE years ago this 27th of June one of the most fiendish and sanguinary deeds that ever disgraced this fair earth was perpetrated. Two of the purest and noblest men that ever lived were on that day, in the year 1844, cruelly martyred for their testimony of the truth. The pretentious State of Illinois, in the land of boasted freedom, America, was the scene of that awful tragedy, which brought sorrow to the hearts of thousands, and which even now, after the lapse of thirty-nine years, is thought about or read of with bated breath and saddened feelings by tens of thousands of the best men and women living.

A memorable day it will continue to be to the Saints of God while time shall last, and until they shall be reunited with the slain, when the sad feelings which are revived in their hearts by each recurring anniversary of that day will be changed to perpetual gladness at beholding the triumph of truth over error, light over darkness and life over death! A memorable day it will also continue to be to the perpetrators of the atrocious crime, and their abettors and sympathizers, not only for time but throughout the countless ages of eternity; for the consciousness of their guilt and the penalty it will entail will prove to them the worm that dieth not, the fire that is never quenched.

Thirty-nine years ago Joseph and Hyrum Smith, the Prophet and Patriarch of the Most High, while unlawfully imprisoned in Carthage jail, were assaulted by fiendish assassins and foully murdered.

And what was their offense? Had they deprived anyone of life? Had they sought to injure any of their fellow beings or interfere with their rights? Had they been corrupt in their lives and set an example before others that would tend to degrade them? Never were men more innocent of these things. Their lives had been devoted to doing good and seeking to benefit others, and their example the most worthy. They had taught the Gospel of Jesus Christ as it had been revealed to them by heavenly messengers, established a Church according to divine requirement, and pointed out to mankind the way of salvation. This was their offense. Although charged with every imaginable crime by malignant enemies, and although Joseph Smith had been arrested at their instigation upon various charges almost fifty times, not a single charge had ever been proved against them, for they were guiltless. The administration of the law was in the hands of their deadly enemies, but maddened by former failures to accomplish their end by legal process, they

at last declared "The law cannot reach them, but powder and ball will!" And so, in the broad light of day, those fiends incarnate, with faces blackened to hide their identity and comport with their vile hearts, accomplished their deadly work—they slew the men of God, than whom no greater or better have lived since the days of the Savior!

But what inspired that persistent persecution and the final perpetration of that bloody deed, if the victims were innocent?

What inspired the rabble in the days of the Savior, to persecute Him and charge Him with being a pestilent fellow, blasphemous and disloyal, usurping authority and casting out devils by the power of Belzebub? And what led them to finally demand his death?

The power of the evil one in both cases, which always has been arrayed against the truth, and will continue to be until Satan is bound.

Surely there is nothing irreverent about the comparison of the life and death of those noble men with that of the Savior of mankind. They were actuated by the same spirit that He was. They came as He did, to fill a mission here upon the earth; they performed their part with fidelity and to the acceptance of the Almighty, and like Him they sealed their testimony with their blood. They never shrank from duty while living, and when the time came they were not afraid to die. No man who has lived in the past eighteen hundred years, possessed so much light and knowledge, enjoyed such divine favor, and accomplished such a mighty work during his lifetime as did Joseph Smith. And truly did he say shortly before his death that he was used to wading in deep water, for no man saw more trouble or encountered more difficulties than he did.

His divine mission is stamped indelibly in the record of his life as well as in the growth and character of the work which he was instrumental in establishing. That work is no other than the Church and Kingdom of God established in the last days, never more to be taken away or given to another people, and though all other powers upon and beneath the earth be arrayed against it, it will continue to grow until it shall accomplish its mighty destiny and the Millennial reign be ushered in. And when the time shall come that every knee shall bow and "every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord," they shall also know and admit that Joseph Smith was His Prophet.

And what about the men who plotted for and accomplished the death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith? Have they been brought to justice by the tribunals of the land? No, not one of them. But what has been their fate? Governor Ford, who pledged his honor and the faith of the State for their protection and then, Judas-like, betrayed them, felt the wrath of an offended God to his dying day, and welters under it now. He lived miserably and died a pauper, with scarcely a friend to give him a decent burial. Others who took part in that murder endured the most wretched existence and died the most horrible deaths imaginable, some of them actually rotting alive. A few still survive, but know not what happiness is in this life, nor look for any hereafter. *They* are to be pitied rather than their victims, for they have invoked the vengeance of the Almighty, and retributive justice is sure to be meted out to them. And this is the fate that all may expect who wilfully oppose the work of God, and seek the lives of His anointed servants.

A PROVIDENCE IN FAVOR OF THE SAINTS.

Of all people living the Latter-day Saints certainly have the greatest cause for profound gratitude to the Almighty. Their whole history is replete with special providences in their favor. Not only have they been marvelously preserved as a people and as a Church from the total destruction with which they have been so frequently threatened and which has often seemed ready to overwhelm them, but as individuals and as companies traveling by sea and by land, has the same inscrutable providence been over them. Their good fortune in crossing the sea has even become so proverbial that the remark has more than once been made by ship-owners and captains of vessels that a company of "Mormons" for passengers is the best insurance a ship can have. We do not mention this fact by way of boasting or as a cause for boasting, but to illustrate the fact that we first asserted in this article. It should be a cause of constant gratitude on the part of the Saints that of all their companies that have journeyed to the gathering places of the Saints by sea, no serious accidents resulting in loss of life have occurred. Indeed, the same might almost be said in regard to their journeying overland. We are reminded of this subject by learning from the Utah papers the particulars of the accident briefly mentioned in our last issue as occurring to the U. P. train which conveyed the company of Saints who sailed from here May 16th. The *Deseret News* gives the following account of it:

"The smashup occurred at half past eight o'clock on Friday morning, about two miles this side of Tie Siding, in Wyoming Territory. There were five freight cars on the front part, and by the breaking of an axle all that part of the train was completely wrecked, the remarkable feature of the affair being that the ruin extended to the point of connection with the cars in which the Saints and their baggage were being conveyed, and there abruptly stopped. The people acknowledged the hand of God in their preservation, and Elder Ben. E. Rich called them together, the whole company going into the adjacent mountains and returning thanks to the Lord for His goodness. The company being of mixed nationality, prayer and hymns of praise were offered to the Most High in the English and German languages, that all the company might join intelligently in the exercises. The scene is described by those who witnessed it as an interesting and affecting spectacle."

Another incident that occurred during the journey of this company is worthy of notice. While the train was rattling along at the rate of nearly forty miles an hour, a German boy, nine years old, named F. W. Taushen, fell from a car window. Of course, consternation followed, and the idea generally prevailed among the passengers that he was killed. The train could not be stopped till it had reached the next station, and from there an engine was sent back along the line with the expectation of picking up his mutilated remains. To the surprise of those who accompanied the engine, however, and to the infinite joy of the whole company, the little fellow was met running along the line, trying to overtake the train, with no injury except a slight scratch on one ear.

ARRIVAL AND APPOINTMENT.—Elder Ezra F. Martin, who was called at the late General Conference in Salt Lake City to fill a mission to

England, but who was unable to come when the other missionaries did on account of sickness, arrived here on the 23rd ult., per S.S. *Wyoming*. He has been assigned to the Nottingham Conference.

DEATH OF ELDER JONES.

We are very sorry to have to record the death of one of our missionaries, ELDER SHADRACH JONES, who departed this life at Swansea on the 24th inst., at 5 p.m. He arrived in England scarcely two months previous to his death, and then appeared to be in his usual health, though he had suffered somewhat from sea-sickness while crossing the Atlantic. He was assigned to the Welsh Conference, and after his arrival in his field of labor displayed considerable energy in seeking to spread a knowledge of the Gospel. He took cold, however, through sleeping in a damp bed, was affected with a very bad cough and soreness of the lungs, and after lingering about three weeks, during which time everything was done to relieve him that kindness could suggest, he finally succumbed to death. He did not feel as if he was going to die until near the last, and made no complaints; indeed, we did not learn of his illness until a week before his death.

His home was in Willard City, Box Elder Co., Utah, where his wife survives him, and where he was very much respected. He was fifty years of age; he has lived a most worthy and exemplary life, has devoted much of his time during the past few years to laboring upon the Logan Temple, was a firm adherent to and earnest advocate of the principles of the Gospel and has now gone to meet his reward with a full assurance of his Father's approval.

His last charge to Elder Jenkins, who waited upon him, was that no sectarian should be allowed to speak at his funeral. President Smith, on learning of his death, proceeded to Swansea and made arrangements for his burial, which took place at Forest Fach, about three miles from Swansea, on the 27th inst. The funeral service was held in the Baptist chapel and remarks were made by Presidents J. H. Smith and David Lewis. There were also five other Elders present.

SKETCH OF ELDER KING'S LABORS.

Chicago, U.S.A., May 24, 1883.

President John Henry Smith:

Dear Brother,—Before leaving England it was my intention to communicate a brief synopsis of my labors, (a practice common in that land among the Elders,) but I procrastinated until it was too late, and I am now apprehensive that it is inappropriate, coming, as it does, at this late date.

One reason paramount unto all prompts me to address you, viz., to thank you and your predecessor for the counsel tendered, and also the Elders and Saints among whom I labored, with great pleasure, for the kindness shown and hospitality and goodwill extended. Another reason, one which I consider potent, proves an incentive to this step. It is the knowledge that you are interested, particularly, in the "youth of Israel," and enter into their positions and feelings, and possess a deep and fervent interest in

their labors to obtain testimonies of the truth of the Gospel of Christ, and do their Master's will.

Were I to inform you of my outer or physical (if I may so use the terms, in contradistinction to the workings and changes of the mind,) successes or reverses, labors and proceedings, without reverting to my mental or spiritual labors in the direction of the acquisition of heavenly knowledge and the attainment of testimonies from God, or the everse, as the case may be, I would, it seems to me, be guilty of great neglect, and show ingratitude to my Father; for should I do so, I would be giving the result and omitting the cause—testifying of accomplishments, but failing to ascribe the honor or dishonor to any source whatever. Therefore it will not, I trust, be inopportune if, at times, I depart from the simple narration of incidents connected with my mission, and refer to principles of the Gospel, or characteristics of those whom I have met relative to the truth. It may seem absurd to draw any distinction between the legitimate duties and performances of God's servants, but in making this discrimination, or drawing this line, I am hoping to arrive at a better understanding of the twofold work of an Elder—the outer, that bearing directly upon the people, and the inner, or, as I termed it, the spiritual, bearing principally on the mind, and indirectly upon the people. With these preliminaries I will proceed, trusting not to be prolix.

The old conservative way of commencement runs thus: I left home on ——; landed in England ——, and was assigned to —— Conference; and as "nothing is new under the sun," I will accept the old style, attempting nothing "new," lest nothing be the result. In company with Apostle Albert Carrington and several other Elders going to England, in October 1880, I left Salt Lake City, having been called at the instance of Elder Orson Pratt, a few days prior. Arriving at New York, we were joined by four young Elders, who crossed the ocean with us. On the 6th of November we landed in Liverpool, arriving several hours too late to see ex-President Budge, and after spending two pleasant days with Apostle Carrington and Brother Stayner, departed, seeking our respective fields of labor.

To me missionary life was a remote ideality; now the opportunity had come to transform idealities into realities. There are positions in life in which a man is humbled to the dust (and it proves a blessing of no ordinary value), and feels his insignificance by the importance of his calling. Many men have been staggered by the incumbency of great responsibilities upon them, but the staggering was the awakening from lethargy, and if they staggered "up to the mark," they soon steadily and manfully walked upon the mark.

How often have I seen roughs, who came are determined to break up our services, transformed into attentive and respectful listeners by appointing them to the responsible position of keeping order. Moses was overwhelmed when called to exalted heights. He saw that he was as a mote in the sunbeam, and the knowledge that he was a mote made of him a mountain. But situated as the Elders are, (so unfitted in and of themselves to cope with the sophistries and learning of the world) I opine that one and all measurably feel their positions when sent forth as heralders of glad tidings.

My assignment placed me in the Nottingham Conference, then under the presidency of Elder Oscar F. Hunter, a man full of zeal and calculated to incite to emulation. Other faithful Elders labored under his direction. Among them was Jos. J. Giles, and with him I was placed in a large District comprising much of two counties and consisting of six large Branches. The inhabitants of the Midland Counties, although in most places well schooled in orthodoxy, are more liberal in their views than many Christian(?) communities, and are willing to tolerate us because the law compels our toleration. England is thoroughly local so far as the sentiments of her children are concerned. A few miles changes the views of the people. Notwithstanding the great differences in the sentiments of the people, there is one subject upon which all are agreed. The most enlightened of the most enlightened counties, join hands with the most bigoted of the most bigoted lands, for the prevention of the spread of truth, such as God has revealed in this age. Although opposition was encountered, how much, I thought, it resembled the

wild, desultory efforts of a defeated army to withstand the triumphant march of the victors.

But thus it ever has been. Dispensations boasting of their intelligence and freedom from slavery, have been bound by the yoke of intolerance, and have attempted to chain the angel of light and truth, and bind the proud and noble limbs of the giants of earth (who were as well the giants of heaven). It is a melancholy sight, this great battle-field of the past; but it cannot be otherwise than that even in the realms of immortality as well as mortality, warfare must exist. Upon the battle-field we see where many great heroes have stood and, valiantly fighting, conquering they have fallen: heroes like Enoch, Noah, Moses, Christ (the greatest and noblest of all), Socrates, Buddha, Galileo, Columbus, Newton, Luther, Wesley, Cromwell, Washington, and, I must add, Joseph Smith. Men who have come as liberators have been regarded as enslavers; men worthy of God (and, consequently, "gods among men") have passed away in ignominy; but the living and dying throbbings of their mighty hearts have been borne unto, aye, by the winds and waves, and echoed in the hearts of others, and the principles for which they died have been reverberated from clime to clime, from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. Thus the standard of knowledge is advanced, and a victory gained for man, for truth and for God. Pythagoras says: "Speak not of God unto the multitude," nor, I would add, speak of the truths of God, if one wishes to avoid the engendering of hatred and animosity. Much of liberalism is liberal only to the claimants to liberalism; so is it to be wondered at that in the "liberal" Midland Counties occasional persecution and persistent opposition were meted out to us?

Thus on through the cold and cheerless winter of 1830-31 we labored, being blessed abundantly and made happy in our calling. Through the operations of God's Spirit upon the minds of the people, barriers were broken down, which had hitherto existed, hedging up many honest-in-heart, and we were enabled to proclaim the Gospel to them, and, through the blessings of God, add many to the Church of Christ. Almost nightly we had opportunities of explaining our views to crowded houses, some of them, though, being diminutive in size. Friends were raised up on every hand, the sunlight of plenty followed our course, and the radiance of heaven seemed as a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. Rooms in which to hold services were tendered free of charge, (not often, though, by Christians,) and the hospitality of many homes (of those not allied to our cause) was proffered to us. The inroads of the truth were critically watched by more than one pulpit and congregation, and the patience, charity and love of many were sorely taxed by the insinuations and unconquerable perseverance of the truth. Denunciations belched forth, but no damage was done. Herculaneum—Truth was not at the base of Vesuvius this time: it was infinitely higher than e'en the darkened smoke dared to come. Brother Smith, I can candidly say that I never knew the potency and virtue of the Gospel until I saw it placed in the crucible and tested by the forces held by man, and abetted by the influence of Satan. When it was assailed, then I saw how irrefragible its position was—that its foundation was in heaven, that its bounds were eternity, that its power was God's power. When I realized this, vague ideas, mysterious thoughts tainted with uncertainty began to vanish, and defined, consistent (not that I desire to boast, but rather to acknowledge God's kindness in enlightening my mind,) feelings and ideas took their place. Lucidity and definiteness, giving knowledge, make men bold in their cause. It is a pitiable condition in which to be placed when uncertainty prevails—I mean more particularly in matters pertaining to the soul's welfare—when bright scintillations of truth, which as the gleams of sunlight shooting from behind the clouds, are followed by lowering, impenetrable darkness.

The sea of uncertaintty is rising, notwithstanding the efforts of our Positivists, and the assurances of a Comte, a D'Alembert, a Haukel, a Spencer, and a score of others, deists, or what not, scientists and Christians to the contrary. I am more confirmed each day, in my travels here in America, of the truth of this assertion. But, thank God, we have the promise that "all shall know Him;" then the putrid depths of this hideous sea will be cleansed, and all that is foul will be "burnt and purged away." That man

has tasted the fruits of heaven who rests on the known, who can say: "I know that my Redeemer liveth! I know of my God and His ways!" Not so he who dizzily peers into the abyss of the unknown, and wanders through the never-ending, tortuous labyrinths of the unknowable. The degree of happiness is measured by the degree of certitude often. Doubt is the great ruler. A definite conception, a thorough knowledge of God and of truth cannot be, men say, as progression undermines the foundations of to-day (there being no such thing as absolute truth,) by the developments of to-morrow. Thus in the whirlpool of destruction man would place us. Fie on such philosophy! Let us save from the wreck of the vessel of to-day one ounce of "I know," and leave in the hold of the sinking ship the tons of "I believe," and "I think," etc.

This deplorable state of the world results from the attempts of man, by his own wisdom, to find out God. In making this endeavor the consequences are, as Charles Kingsley says: "Ugly forms are apt to be developed—polytheisms, idolatries, witchcrafts, Buddhist asceticisms, Phœnician Moloch sacrifices, Popish inquisitions, American spirit-rappings, and what not." I am truly thankful for that which absolves us from doubt, frees us from distrust, and gives a knowledge—a knowledge which the world will not receive—because it comes (not as they would have it, directly and absolutely through the physical man,) through and to the spiritual man.

Together, until June, Brother Giles and I labored on. To mention the acts of kindness from the Saints and the world, to refer to the manifestations of God's power in healing the sick, speaking by His Spirit, working upon the hearts of the honest, etc., would be only a repetition of the experience of hundreds of Elders. But to me they were welcome, for I felt that God was with me. Without hesitancy I can say that, notwithstanding the many unfavorable circumstances incident to a missionary's life, and the austeries of the climate, my joy was boundless, something never before realized. In speaking of happiness while thus engaged, I am saying nothing new, simply corroborating the univeral testimony of God's servants.

In the meantime Brother Hunter had departed, Brother Giles had been removed, and other Elders had succeeded them. Winter had folded her icy garments about her and, phantom-like, fled at the approach of spring. With the green fields and pleasant sunshine comes an ordeal—one through which all Elders must pass—that of out-door preaching. I had managed, somehow, to feel quite comfortable when running the gauntlet through the streets of towns in which I was known as a "Mormon," when the little children, re-echoing the cries and imprecations of the more matured, would encircle me, and, pointing their tiny fingers, scornfully say, "Mormonite," "Impostor," etc. (It would have been infinitely better had their rosy lips been taught to murmur: "I bless thee, messenger of salvation;") but the thought of standing forth in the streets and markets, and attempting an exposition of my faith (not that I was ashamed of it by any means), filled me with dread and alarm. Cowardice leaves many soldiers at the rear of the cannon and the smoke of the fray. It is a wise decree that has based the attainment of happiness upon difficulty and trial. The tree of joy is placed on the topmost summit; to attain that summit and pluck the fruits of that tree, we must ascend rugged steeps and traverse yawning chasms; perhaps we may faint and bleed, but if faith, which works perseverance, be ours, we will struggle on. And when the prize is gained our wounds are healed, and the happiness experienced more than recompenses for all the trials and sorrows encountered.

Through the spring and summer, and a portion of the autumn, up till November, with my companions, I was engaged in the out-door campaign, at the same time holding many services in halls, private houses, etc. From six to ten meetings a week were held, all of which were well attended. The spirit of investigation was observable, people coming in some instances four and five miles to attend our services, and almost weekly one or more persons would be added to the Church. Among the most important features of the campaign were the Sabbath camp-meetings. Our appointments were usually made two weeks in advance, so that the whole neighborhood could be made aware, and when the Sabbath arrived, we would meet in some pleasant grove or field adjoining the town or

village. Upon more than one occasion seats were provided by strangers for the assemblage, without solicitation on our part. Three and four services would be held during the day, the attendance being from 200 to 1,000 persons. One thing that tended largely to our success, in these Sunday gatherings, was the singing. As I remarked in the commencement, there were six Branches in the District, and in each of these was an excellent choir; and no matter to what distance we might go from the Branches, one or more of the choirs would accompany us in vans, or by train, and oftimes on foot. So much of what little we were able to accomplish, was due to the kind and sacrificing Saints.

Upon one occasion, after repeated invitations from the inhabitants of the town, Brothers Stringfellow, Woolley and I, together with forty or fifty Saints, proceeded to a place for the purpose of holding camp meetings. Upon our arrival we found that every arrangement for our coming had been consummated. Our wants had been anticipated, and everything was prepared for the satisfying of them. Rooms were provided for us: then came a sumptuous repast. At the close of the day we were bidden a hearty "good day," and urged to come again. And so I labored on, meeting friends to-day, enemies to-morrow; witnessing the emancipation from darkness of individuals to-day, beholding the increase of servitude, through additional darkness and chains of Epicurius, on the morrow; yet rejoicing in the message which I was privileged in bearing, and in every triumph of the truth.

Winter came again, and with it a cessation of open-air labors, and greater application to the strengthening of the Branches and the gathering up of the links forged during the summer season. Before spring was fairly opened I was called to the London Conference, succeeding Elder John Q. Cannon in the North London Branch. This Branch, comprising nearly the half of London, numbered 219 members, (many of whom, though, had not been seen for years, and others merited excommunication,) and was presided over by Elder Thomas Cornell, a man of much experience, and in every way fitted for the position. I soon found that there were many—indeed the majority—of the members of the Branch who had sensed the importance of the Gospel, and were a credit to the tree which gave them life. But in every age, among the followers of the standard of intelligence and truth, there have been those who were like the shallow streams, and were turned aside by every obstruction, no matter how small. So in this day there are those who know not whether they are for God or for man. Then there are those who have received a testimony and are immovable, proving honors to the cause.

In large cities greater difficulty is found in approaching the people with our principles than in the country places in which I traveled, and a constant theme with those with whom I was associated, and myself also, was, what steps can be taken to place "Mormonism" before the people? To this proposition, important as it is, it is most difficult to give an effective answer. Even were we in a position to hire halls, there are thousands so prejudiced that they would not avail themselves of the opportunity to learn of this "marvelous work?" Out-door preaching does not reach the majority; tracting has become so universal, being a chief factor in the dissemination of the principles of individuals and communities, that comparatively few will read them; and so, I affirm, it is with difficulty that the masses of the people are reached in large cities and towns. In view of this, what can be done? Use every legitimate means placed in our power, and leave the result with God.

In past ages pastoral regions were the seats of the highest principles of truth. The simplicity, the candor, the lack of sycophancy, ostentation and pride—the children of centralization—were and are favorable for the reception of heaven's laws. Out of the millions of this great metropolis, only a few hundreds to step forth and receive the grandest principles ever revealed to man! Notwithstanding our paucity of numbers, we were blessed and made "strong in the power of His word." Periodical wars of righteous(?) indignation and hatred would traverse London, always terminating in several additions to the cause.

Soon after my arrival in London, Brother Cooper was released from the presidency of